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Poetry.

From Chambers' Journal.
THE SEA SHORE.

When on a solitary sea,
I love to hear thy moan,
The world's lament attuned to meody,
In thy undying tone.
Lo! on the yielding sand, I lie alone,
And the white cliffs around me draw their seven
And part me from the world. Let me down
For one short hour its pleasure and its pain,
And, when I wake, I find it all a dream,
And, when I wake, I find it all a dream,
And, when I wake, I find it all a dream.

No voice of any living thing is near,
Save the wild sea-bird's wail,
That seems the cry of sorrow deep and dear,
That seems the cry of sorrow deep and dear,
That seems the cry of sorrow deep and dear,
That seems the cry of sorrow deep and dear,
That seems the cry of sorrow deep and dear,
That seems the cry of sorrow deep and dear.

And thus it is in life, and in the breast,
That sparkling waves and gleaming crest—
Each one in turn just shows its gleaming crest—
Then falls away, and dies;
On life's bare sands each cherished vision lies,
Numbered with those that will return no more;
There early love's youth's dreamy vision lies,
Bright dreams of fame, the perished on the shore,
While the worn heart laments what grief can
ne'er restore.

Yet still the broken waves, retiring strive
Seeking in sparkling beauty to revive
As in their first career;
The foam's vain-vain, its lustre, bright and clear,
Fades then, now, with earth all dim and
stained;
And thus the heart would raise its visions dear,
And shape them new from fragments that re-
main;
But finds their brightness gone, by earth's cold
touch profaned.

Long have I lingered here, the evening fair
In the misty drizzle of the sea,
The sinking sun sighs forth its sad despair,
More and more dimly;
Hushed is the sea-bird's melancholy cry,
For night approaches with the step of age,
The youth's sharp griefs are softened to a sigh,
And the dim eye can behold the page
That holds the records of sorrow's former
rage.

And nature answers my complaining woe
With her own quietude,
Bids me observe the mist ascending slow
From the deserted shore,
And learn that scattered and defiled no more
The fallen waves are waiting to the skies,
That thus the hope I bitterly deplore,
Though fast they fall before my weeping eyes,
Still in tears on earth to heaven are aimed to
rise.

Agriculture.

FARMERS' CALENDAR.—It is an error to
plant seeds from states farther south.—In
a cold season only the seed of a colder
climate will ripen well.—Often breaking
up a surface keeps a soil in a good mechan-
ical condition; for when it lies in a hard
bound state, enriching showers run off, and
the salutary air cannot enter.—Weeds
exhaust the strength of the ground, and if
suffered to grow, may be called garden
rats.—The hand and the hoe are the instru-
ments for eradicating weeds; yet if there
is room between the rows for a spade, it is
well to use it.—Never keep your cattle
short; few farmers can afford it; if you
starve them, they will starve you.—It will
not do to hoe a great field for a little crop,
or to mow twenty acres for five loads of
hay.—Enrich the land and it will pay you
for it.—Better farm twenty acres well, than
forty acres by halves.—Drive your business
before you, and it will go easily.—In dry
pastures dig for water on the brow of a
hill; springs are more frequently near the
surface on a height than in a vale.—Rain
is cash to a farmer.—The foot of the owner
is the best manure for the farm.—Cut
bushes that you wish to destroy in the
summer, and with a sharp instrument,
they will bleed freely and die.—Sow clover
deep; it secures it against the drought.
Never plough in bad weather, or when the
ground is very wet. When an implement
is no longer wanted for the season, lay it
carefully aside; but let it be first well
cleaned.—Obtain good seed, prepare your
ground well, sow early, and pay very little
attention to the moon.—Cultivate your own
eye spoke the man—a fit representative of a
State where sleeps a Jackson.
"I can't stand this any longer. I can't
b— Pardou, ladies, pardon; I have
a proposition to make on the faith of a
man who never lies or trifles. I must
make it or die—so here goes. Now I will
marry on this spot any lady that has the
nerve to face such music; look at me,
and if you can love me as I love (point-

Selected Tale.

TAKEN AT HIS WORD.

THE DOUBLE BRIDAL.

A few years ago I made one of the sev-
enty-nine passengers on board the steamer
Emily Barton, bound up the Tennessee.
A pleasant intelligent, go-ahead captain, a
good steward, and a social refined com-
pany, made the trip one of pleasure; indeed,
long shall I remember the saucy Emily
Barton and her superb living freight.—
One lovely summer afternoon it was whis-
pered that we were to have a wedding
before the boat reached her destination,
said whisper starting first and low near the
stern somewhere in the vicinity of the
ladies cabin, and speedily making its way
to the hall, the boiler deck, and even to
the main; like the snow ball down the
mountain, gathering size, form, and mo-
mentum, as it rolled forward, until the
principals in the interesting scene were
not only pointed out, but the person—
some scraps of the history of each, fiction,
fact, and surmise, all hashed up ingeniously,
leaving you in the half pleasant, half
painful suspense and doubt that opens the
eyes wide and strains the drum of the ear
so tight to all transpiring around you.—
Well, we landed to wood at a magnificent
beech bottom, the tall heavily leaved trees
with their silver gray trunks making a
deep cool shade, while they, with their
grassy green bank that bore them, were
imaged in the glassy river, so clear, so
true, that intervision only pointed the false
from the real. Cutting this charming spot
in twain came a murmuring crystal
spring brook, scarce four spans wide, to
lose itself in the mass of Tennessee waters,
they in turn to be alike lost in the bound-
less sea.

No sooner was the staging out, than
there emerged from the ladies cabin a fine,
manly looking fellow, dressed in faultless
taste, intellect beaming in every feature,
while over his face perfect happiness shone
like phosphorus on the sea. Leaning on
his arm was the most lovely woman I
have ever seen, but to behold, her fine
hazel eyes (tell tales that they were) speak-
ing deep emotion, and her expressive lip,
quivering with suppressed excitement,
while her dress, step, and grace was that
of a queen. "There they are!" "That's
her!" "Oh, how handsome!" burst
from many a lip as we, instinctively made
way to let them pass to the altar, and
where that was we had about as clear an
idea as a transcendentalist generally has of
what he is talking about. But one thing
we all seemed to know, that there was fun
ahead, and to follow in their wake was
the way to see it. As the ladies passed a
arm was offered to each, and thus we
marched out of the cabin, down the stairs,
across the staging, and up the sloping
bank. Some fifty yards up the brook the
pair stopped, and joining hands they stood
with the clear water between them—bridged
as it was by the winding fingers and crossed
by a stream of love pure as itself. All was
silent—still—until broken by the minister,
reading in an impressive manner. "And
of the rib which the Lord God had taken
from man made he a woman and brought
her to the man. And Adam said this was
now bone of my bone and flesh of my
flesh, she shall be called woman because
she was taken out of man. Therefore
shall a man leave his father and his mother
and cleave unto his wife, and they shall be
one flesh." He closed the book and
offered a most touching and beautiful
prayer; not a heart but seemed to feel that
earnest appeal to the throne of grace.—
Then asking the usual questions, he pro-
nounced them husband and wife. The
bride slowly sinking on her knees raised
her beautiful face, all covered with tears,
and her clasped hands, and in the most
touchingly sweet voice, tremulous with
deep emotion said—"And now, oh merciful
father, grant that our two lives thus
united may peacefully flow in one, even as
this rivulet, until we reach the river of
death, and undivided in faith and conduct,
be permitted to enjoy Thine eternal smiles
in the land of the pure and the blest."—
Every pulse seemed stilled, hoping, wish-
ing for more of this beautiful drama. Not
a word, not a movement from all the throng.
All, all was happiness. Oh, lovely pan-
orama, how thou art graven on this heart!
The happy man was in the act of imprint-
ing a kiss upon the smiling lips of his
magnificent bride, when the clear tones of
a manly voice started all from their pleas-
ing reverie; universal gaze rested on a
handsome, tall Tennesseean, whose eagle
eye spoke the man—a fit representative of a
State where sleeps a Jackson.
"I can't stand this any longer. I can't
b— Pardou, ladies, pardon; I have
a proposition to make on the faith of a
man who never lies or trifles. I must
make it or die—so here goes. Now I will
marry on this spot any lady that has the
nerve to face such music; look at me,
and if you can love me as I love (point-

ing to the bride) I'll promise to be a hus-
band to you, and such a husband as she
deserves, and such a husband as a true
hearted man will make to the woman who
comes trembling under his wing. I further
say that no spot or shame attaches to my
name, nor never shall; and this arm will
support and protect the one who can trust
it. Who'll take?" and his eye ran slowly
and steadily over the crowd of handsome
women around him; his earnest manner
and novel speech had aroused an intense
feeling; all was surprise and deep sym-
pathy with the fearless excited orator, when,
to the astonishment and delight of every
one, a fawn-like blue-eyed girl, from the
flowery banks of the Alabama, stepped to
his side, and looking confidently up to his
eyes, with her hands on his arm, said—
"I am thine!" By this time his arm was
around her waist, and parting her curls
(black as the raven's wing at midnight)
looked steadfastly in her face for a moment,
and signed the contract with a kiss that all
the married ladies afterwards pronounced
the genuine sort—perfect satisfactory.—
Raising his flushing eyes with a triumph-
ant expression from the pleasant job just
mentioned, he said—"Where is that Par-
son? Send him right here—on this spot
we will be made one. I never let such
luck as this pass me by waiting a minute,
so go ahead," and on that spot where they
first met, were they solemnly united forever.
When the words, "What God hath joined
let no man put asunder," died away a
shout went up that awoke the echoes for a
mile; every hand was extended to the
happy, lucky, venturesome fellow, and every
lady in that crowd pressed the lip of his
young and handsome wife (for a moment I
reverted I were her, but I instantly re-
covered my self possession and thrust the
weakness from me; women kissing each
other always seemed a waste of sweetness
to me but they know the best) laughing,
shouting, happy, we all returned on board.
Our generous captain sat a splendid sup-
per; the clerk made out two certificates—
they were signed by the parson and seventy-
four witnesses (five more made mine, you
know men and women all told) everybody
signed.

Then we danced, we laughed, we made
children of ourselves—yes, made fools
of ourselves. Be that as it may, when the
watch changed at the noon of night the
bluffs on the dark shores of the river
returned only an unbroken echo of the
hoarse coughing of Emily Barton's en-
gines, for we slept, and our dreams vainly
tried to vie with the lovely reality of the
evening.

Historical.

From the Providence Journal.

RHODE ISLAND BIOGRAPHY.

COL. CHRISTOPHER CHAMPLIN.

In giving the genealogy of the Champlins,
we start from Captain Christopher Cham-
plin, who was a yeoman, and resided on
his farm in Westerly. Of the time and place
of his birth we have no record; he died
in 1732, when at least seventy years of age
leaving five children; the eldest, Col.
Christopher Champlin, was born in Narra-
gansett, 1684, and died October 23d, 1734,
leaving twelve children. His eldest son
Col. Christopher Champlin, was born
November 30th, 1707, and died 1776. In
1736 he was chosen Captain of the Troop
of Horse, raised in the county of Kings.—
May, 1742, he was appointed Major of the
Regiment of Militia for that county; in
1743 he held the post of Lieutenant
Colonel, and in 1747 he was appointed to
the command of the regiment. For many
years he was Justice of the Court of
Common Pleas, under the act of May, 1739
appointing justices "in all matters and
things relating to the peace and pleas
of the Crown, and for a period of nearly
thirty years he was returned to the Leg-
islature. April 22d, 1739, he was
married to Hannah Hill daughter Capt
John Hill, of Westerly, by Rev. Mr. Mc
Sparran. By her he had ten children.—
The eldest—named Christopher, and the
subject of this sketch—was born February
7th, 1731, and on the 29th of the following
November was christened by Rev. Mr.
Mc Sparran. The first wife, Hannah, died
March 15th 1756; the second wife, Lucy,
her maiden name we cannot ascertain,
died January 20th 1766 leaving five chil-
dren. Col. Christopher Champlin, the son
and the fourth of the name, came to
Newport in early life, with his brother
George, and was subsequently followed by
his younger brother Robert. The latter
attended to the command of a vessel, but
died young; George was a distinguished
merchant in this town, and will be the sub-
ject of another sketch, and to-day our re-
marks will be devoted to the character and
pursuits of Christopher; presenting first,
however, a short description of the home-
stead farm, the place where he was born.

The Champlins during the latter part of
the seventeenth century, and the greater
portion of the eighteenth, resided on their
estate in the south part of the State. The

homestead at one period contained about
two thousand acres, and when the town of
Westerly was divided, in 1738, this tract
fell within the boundary of Charlestown.—
The land was purchased principally from
the Nueget Sachems, in small lots, and
many of the original deeds, (still in a good
state of preservation,) were signed in a
bold hand, particularly those bearing the
names of Thomas Nueget and Mary his
wife. A portion of this estate, about seven
hundred acres, is now in the possession of
the eighth generation. The house is situ-
ated on the north side of the mail-road, facing
the south and overlooking Nueget pond,
and the ocean, with a commanding view of
Point Judith and Green Point on the left, and
Watch Hill on the right. It stands upon a
terrace, and though dilapidated, has a vener-
able appearance that tells much of its history.
At the time that it was in its most flourish-
ing state, the position of a landed proprie-
tor in Narragansett was an enviable one.
He lived like a prince, dressed in a style
that denoted affluence and ease, and never
moved abroad, even to cross the fields ad-
joining the house, without a servant, follow-
ing at a respectful distance, to obey an
order or carry a message.

Col. Champlin early showed a disposition
to serve his country, having learned in his
father's house that every man when re-
quired should be ready to do his part in the
field; and it was there that he learned the
use of arms. A youth at the time the ex-
pedition was fitted out against Crown Point,
yet he was deemed worthy of the appoint-
ment of Major, in the Rhode Island Regi-
ment, under the command of Christopher
Harris, Esq., and he served through the
whole campaign. And we step aside here
a moment to say that when the troubles of
1775 broke out, he was appointed Lieuten-
ant Colonel Commandant of the first
regiment of militia.

Col. Champlin, on taking up his resi-
dence in Newport, entered into a mercantile
life, confining his attention to the import-
ing of dry goods. At that time he occupied
the store on Thames street, directly op-
posite what was then known as Townsend's
Coffee House; later his business stand was
the store recently removed by the Messrs.
Goulds, to make room for their new build-
ing. There his trade improved, his corres-
pondence became extensive, and his prop-
erty rapidly increased. At that time he
was the agent of Mr. Powell, of Boston, the
agent for supplying British ships of war in
colonial ports; and this connection proba-
bly led him to invest in shipping—a branch
of business suited to his turn of mind, and
which he prosecuted with marked success.

Col. Champlin was thoroughly imbued with
the science of Astrology—and in this he
was not alone—and his faith was so strong,
that he would not allow one of the many
vessels that he built to leave the stocks
until his horoscope was cast; and when
the proper time had come, according to his
calculations, by day or night, at that mo-
ment, the blocks must be knocked away
and the vessel given to the waves. When
this occurred at night, the ship yard pre-
sented a lively scene, for men were run-
ning to and fro with lanterns, and lights
were seen in various directions, and, per-
chance, through the darkness or from some
unforeseen event, the vessel did not move
at the right moment, nothing more was
done to get her off until a new calculation
was made. It was the same when a vessel
was ready for sea. Her cargo and stores
on board, she was taken up to the Point,
in full view of the Blue Rocks, where Col.
Champlin stood, with his large gold watch
in one hand, and his handkerchief in the
other, and when the auspicious moment
arrived, he waved the latter and the vessel
proceeded on her voyage. Storms and head
winds were never considered, and the an-
chor having once been weighed, the vessel
was on her outward voyage, whether going
free or knocking about the bay.

In 1767, Col. Champlin married Mar-
garet Grant, the youngest daughter of
Sutton Grant,* and the same year he
purchased the house No. 119 Thames street
(still in the family of Samuel Brenton, and
the following year he took possession. At
first he had a store in front, the shutters of
which, as was the fashion at that date, were
attached to the top of the window by hinges
and when opened they were supported by a
bar in the centre, and thus were made to
serve as awnings. Col. Champlin also
had large stores and warehouses on the
wharf which still bears his name, only one
of which, now occupied by the Mercury
printing office, is still standing. At this
wharf his vessels landed and received their
cargoes, and in the dock where a wood
sloop now grounds at low tide, we have
seen a ship unload a cargo of Russia hemp
and iron, consigned to the late Col. C. G.
Champlin, only son of Colonel Champlin.

*Sutton Grant was son of Donald Grant, of
Hillavonan, a descendant of the Ancient family of
Grant of Grants, (the first of the name) in the
county of Iverness, and Marjorie Stewart, de-
scended from the Herons of Kinneardy. He
came to this country in 1725, and was killed by
the gunpowder accident on Lynde's wharf (next
north of the Perry Mill) in 1744. At that time
he occupied the house now owned by James At-
kinson, Esq., in the rear of No. 100 Thames St.

In the last named house Col. Champlin's
three children were born. The eldest
Margaret, the belle of the Washington and
Rochambeau ball, married the late Dr. Ben-
jamin Mason; the second, the late Col. Chris-
topher G. Champlin, who married Martha
Redwood, daughter of the late Benj.
Ellery; and Elizabeth married the late John
Coffin Jones, of Boston.

When the revolution broke out, Col.
Champlin was in the full tide of prosperity;
his vessels were numerous, and his sagacity
and foresight had rendered nearly every
venture successful; added to this his
influence had rapidly increased and he
received and merited the confidence and
respect of his fellow citizens.

In his letters we find many things
touching on the troubles of that period,
and a few that refer to the society of this
town. Deeming an extract or two not
out of place, we make the following, under
date of Boston, Sept., 1761, and the next,
also from Boston, dated 1781, as quite a
contrast. We need hardly add that the
last was from a physician.

"Newport I suppose is well filled with
Bostonians, who will spend a handsome
number of dollars among you by their cu-
riosity after play-house, which our gov-
ernment (wisely or unwisely) prohibited here."

"If Christopher has not told you that
he came down quickly, and safely and
agreeably, I will do it for him—quickly,
because he came in little more than two
days; safely, because with the greatest
beauty Rhode Island affords."

"Your son tells me that everything
seems dull and gloomy at Newport. I pre-
sume he means what merely relates to
trade, &c. Boston is a much larger
town, and therefore its real situation is
less apparent than in our little one, but I
could tell him that Boston is no better.—
Newport has symptoms of consumption,
but Boston is far gone in dropsy. The
first has arisen from too spare diet and too
much acids—the latter from too full eating,
drinking and frolicking, and in my opinion
is so far gone that nothing short of as-
sistance from the Physician of souls can
restore her."

The two following relate to the times;
they were written by merchants of
Boston, the first from a rebel and the
other from a Tory:

"Oct. 24 1773.—Tea has started within
these two days from half a dollar to a dol-
lar, owing to a report that the tea im-
ported in Capt. Scott's ship on con-
signment by the East India Company, will
not be permitted to be landed, but shipped
directly home again."

"Nov. 22, 1773.—We hourly expect the
tea ships to arrive, and what the conse-
quences may be God only knows. All our
town meetings have been to no purpose; the
consignees stand firm and undaunted.—
They have made application to the Governor
and Council for protection, who in conse-
quence have set, but have done nothing
that the tea will be landed I have not the
least doubt, though my opinion in regard
to the sale is different."

"March 14, 1774.—It is useless to say
that the tea lately arrived, 25 1-2 chests,
is destroyed, as you will have already heard
it. This is liberty indeed, big with the
fate of every one's property, entirely at the
disposal of the good People. Forbearance
at a certain pitch ceases to be a virtue,
so liberty when strained is downright
licentiousness. When a man wills but
cannot and is obliged to do what he
wills not, where is liberty? Where is the
parallel? Behold it! View the times,
dispassionately, and it is easy to be found.
We may well say with Caesar the Rubicon
is past, far and far away."

When the British took possession of the
Island, Col. Champlin, with many others,
was constrained to leave the town. His
pursuits were of course at an end for the
time being, and he retired to his farm in
Narragansett. He was not without anxi-
ety, however, for the large sums in the
hands of Mr. Geo. Hayley, his London cor-
respondent, with whom all communication
was broken off. But while he was thus
in a state of anxiety, a letter was received at
Newport from Mr. Hayley, under cover to Mrs.
Bell, Mrs. Champlin's sister, who had
married a British officer, informing him
that his funds had been put out at interest,
and when hostilities ceased, the principal
and interest would be remitted. To get
the letter to Col. Champlin was no easy
matter. Gen. Prescott had given orders
that no one should leave the island with-
out a permit, and for some special object.
It was decided that Miss Gould, an in-
timate friend of Mrs. Champlin, should apply
for a permit, as from such sickness she
was very pale and thin. Prescott granted it,
with the remark that if a change of air
would do her good, she had better be off.
The letter was sewed into the pincushion
that hung from her belt, and in the next
boat she went to Providence, where she
was so fortunate as to meet Col. Champlin's
brother George, who took her to the farm
the same day. The letter she bore gave
great satisfaction, and after the war the
connection between Col. Champlin and
Mr. Hayley was renewed, and continued for
many years.

This notice of a distinguished citizen of
Rhode Island has already extended to
greater length than we were prepared for.
We must close it with a few remarks on
his character and influence.

Col. Champlin's position as a merchant
no have defined, and we have already

alluded to his taking up arms in defence
of his country; in other ways, however, he
rendered yet greater service. He was
active in forwarding and sustaining every
measure calculated to promote the general
good. For sixteen successive years he
was elected a member of the Legislature of
this State. He was a zealous advocate of
the Constitution, and in this connection
we extract a few lines from an obituary
that appeared soon after his death:

"On this occasion, more than any other
of his life, the powers and resources of Mr.
Champlin's mind were called forth. His
solid judgment, his penetration, his deci-
sion, and his admirable address, were all
necessary, and were all exerted to over-
come the strong prejudices and jealousies
which prevailed against the constitution.—
His efforts, united with those of many other
able men, both in the State Convention,
of which he was a member, and among the
citizens, were fortunately successful, and
the constitution, to which, under Providence,
we owe all our prosperity, was finally,
after great struggles, adopted by this
State. Under the constitution, Mr.
Champlin was three times successively
appointed an elector of President and Vice
President of the United States, and Wash-
ington and those who cherished his prin-
ciples were uniformly supported by him."

In 1795, Col. Champlin was active in
establishing the Bank of Rhode Island.—
On the 12th of October in that year the
subscription books were opened in the
State House, and at the close of the day
nearly eight times the number of shares
admissible by the constitution were sub-
scribed. On the 17th of the same month
Col. Champlin was elected President, an
office which he held till his death. The
first bills that he signed were dated January
6, 1796; the last, August 15, 1804. The
first year he signed notes to the amount of
\$115,000. We mention these little facts,
taken from his papers, to show how meth-
odical he was in all his affairs.

Col. Champlin also took an active part
in forming the Rhode Island Stone Bridge
Company, and subscribed for the first ten
shares, which he gave to the Marine So-
ciety at the time of his death.

Other works of a like import we might
dwell upon, but prefer closing these re-
marks with an extract from the obituary
already referred to:

"His influence was not the offspring of
intrigue; it was the fruit of his virtue, and
his talents; it was exerted only for his
country's good, and was founded in the
fullest conviction entertained by the people,
and he well understood the true interest
of the State and honestly pursued them. He
never condescended to gain popularity by
creating false alarms and pernicious jeal-
ousies;—by exciting the farmer against the
merchant or the merchant against the
farmer. On the contrary, he justly ac-
quired the confidence of all classes by
laboring to convince them that the farmer,
the merchant and the mechanic can have
but one interest, which can only be pro-
moted by their cordial union and mutual
confidence."

In short, by a long series of public ser-
vices and by the uniform wisdom, disinter-
estedness and integrity of his conduct, Mr.
Champlin gained the ascendancy he held in
the affections and confidence of his fel-
low-citizens, and there was no office in the
gift of the people or the Legislature which
they would not gladly have bestowed upon
him. But the pride of office was not a
trait in his character; for honors of this
kind he had no ambition. His mind, con-
scious of its own rectitude, was satisfied
with the general esteem and respect that
he possessed. Indeed, it may be said that
if true glory is the wide extended fame of
many and great benefits bestowed upon our
friends and our country, that glory was
Mr. Champlin's, with the consent of all
honest men."

Col. Champlin died April 25th, 1805, or
fifty years ago.

MEMOIR OF RHODE ISLAND. 1654.

This address of Mr. Williams, en-
couraged the friends of order and of the
union with the towns on the Island; and
discouraged the party who had presented
such union and thereby endangered the
whole colony, so much as to produce the
desired effect.

The town met August, 27th 1854;
when Mr. Williams had a full hearing on
the subject. The great respect they bore
him, the great sacrifices he had made on
their account, the great confidences they
had in his experience, wisdom and integ-
rity; together with the recollection of his
liberality; turned the tide of public opin-
ion in the true channel. He drew up an
answer to Sir Henry Vane's letter which
now remains on record, as follows:

PROVIDENCE, 17TH, 6TH M. (54) so
CALLED.

"Sir,—
Although we are aggrieved at
your late retirement from the helm of pub-
lic affairs yet we rejoice to reap the sweet
fruits of your rest in your pious and loving
lines most seasonably sent unto us.

Thus Sir, your son when he retires his
brightness from the world yet from under
the very cloud we perceive his presence
and enjoy some light and heat and sweet
refreshing.

Sir your letters were directed to all and
every the particular towns of this Provi-

dence colony. Surely Sir amongst t's
Most High toward this town of Providence
and this Providence colony we cannot but
see apparently his gracious hand providing
your honorable self for so noble and true
a friend to an outcast and despised people.

From the first beginning of this Provi-
dence Colony, occasioned by the banish-
ment of some in these parts from the
Massachusetts, we say ever since to this
very day we reap the sweet fruits of your
constant loving kindness and favor towards
us.

Oh Sir, whence then is it that you have
bent your bow and shot your sharp and
bitter arrows now against us, whence is it
that you charge us with Divisions, Dis-
orders, &c.

Sir we humbly pray your gentle accep-
tance of our two-fold answer.

First, We have been greatly disturbed
and distressed by the ambition and covet-
ousness of some amongst ourselves.

Sir We were in complete order until
Mr. Coddington, wanting that public self-
denying spirit which you commend to us
in your letter, procured by most unfor-
tunate information a monopoly of part of the Col-
ony, viz: Rhode Island to himself and so
occasioned our general disturbances and
distractions.

Second, Mr. Dyre with no less want of
a public spirit, being ruined by private
contentions with Mr. Coddington, and
being trusted to bring from England the
letter of the Council of State for our re-
uniting, he hopes for a recruit to himself
by other men's goods, and contrary to the
State's intentions and expressions, plungeth
himself and some others in most unne-
cessary and unrighteous plundering of Dutch,
French and English, all to our great grief,
who protested against such abuse of power
from England and the end of it even to the
shame and reproach of himself and the
very English name itself as all these parts
do witness.

Sir, Our second answer is that we may
not lay all the load upon other men's backs,
that possibly a sweet cup hath rendered
many of us wretched and too active.

For we have long drank of the cup of
as great liberties as any people we can hear
of under Heaven.

We have not only been long free togeth-
er with all the English from the iron yokes
of wolfish bishops, and other popish cere-
monies against whose cruel oppressions
God raised up your noble spirit in Parlia-
ment but we have sitted quiet and dry from
the streams of bloodspilt by that war in
our Native country, we have not felt the
new chains of the Presbyterian tyrants,
nor in this colony have we been consumed
with the over zealous fire of the (so called)
Godly and Christian Magistrate.

Sir we have not known what an excise
means we have almost forgot what tythes
are yea or taxes either to church or com-
monwealth.

Sir we could name other special privi-
leges ingredient of our sweet cup which
your great wisdom know to be very power-
ful except more than ordinary watchfulness
to render the best of men wanton and for-
getful.

But blessed be your love and your loving
heart and hand, awakening any of our
sleepy spirits by your sweet alarms. And
blessed be your noble family root and
branch, and all our pious and prudent
engagements or retirements. We hope you
shall no more complain of the saddening of
your loving heart by the men of Providence
town or Providence colony. But that Sir
when we are gone rotten our posterity
and children after us shall read in our
town records your pious and favorable
letters and loving kindness to us and this
answer and real endeavors after peace and
righteousness to be found Sir.

Your most obli-
ged most humble ser-
vants. The town of
Providence in Provi-
dence colony in New
England.

To the truly honora-
ble Sir Henry
Vane at his house
in Bellean, in Lin-
colnshire.

These Present
GREGORY DEXTER,
Town Clerk.

They then chose commissioners to meet
with those of the other towns. The gen-
eral meeting was held at Warwick on the
31st day of August 1654. This meeting
resulted in a reunion of the whole colony.
Each party measurably gave way for in-
stead of a general meeting—as proposed
by those of the Island, or an acknowlege-
ment of the superior claim of Providence
and Warwick, to be considered the legal
government of the colony, as we contended
for by them, they adopted the plan of all
the towns' meeting by commissioners, as
had been recommended by Sir Henry
Vane.

The love of excitement is a prominent trait in the character of the American people; without it, as a boy, we could hardly exist. We see this passion in every stage of development, from the stamping of a village politician to the people's representatives, who would increase our already ungovernable proportions, by adding whole nations to the fabric. Here one plunges the country into a needless war with Mexico, for the sake of popularity with those who enjoy the excitement of the chase; there we are driven into an interminable contest with Great Britain, to wipe out some imaginary insult; or a quarrelsome diplomat seeks to embroil us with Spain, for the sake of an excuse to wrest from her the only possession that she values; and others, less warlike, but no less excitable, must needs break in upon the quiet of Japan, hoping thereby to gratify a love of adventure and at the same time make an advantageous swap of some kind with the Emperor.

California proved a great safety valve for a time, and the high pressure was in a measure removed by the marvelous accounts of treasure spread over the earth's surface and to be had for the gathering; but it soon became an old story, and when the news of like discoveries in Australia were spread before us, it hardly secured a moment's attention. In those cases the game was small, and the profits too small, to excite us for any length of time or more than the rolling population. Kansas is another of these safety-valves, but it is capable of holding off the surplus steam of but one or two parties, in addition to the people to whom it delights in sucking up the people to action. Nothing but an insatiable, unquenchable, extermination of a lesser, or a hard to hand contest with an equal power, will satisfy the craving of Americans for excitement; and no better object offering itself at the present time, capital is now made of Mormonism and the necessity of clipping the wings of the Latter Day Saints, lost in an unguarded moment, they slip off the few links that bind them to the sea-board and stand forth alone, as sole possessors of the vast interior of the country.

A love of excitement was one of the great elements in the first attacks upon the Mormons in their peaceful settlement at Nauvoo. That attempt to annihilate the small band has served to strengthen it and add to its numbers from every kindred, people and tongue, and so far from dispersing the followers of Jos. Smith by putting him to death, Mormonism may almost be said to date from that event, so rapid has been its rise and progress. In its creed are to be found seeds, that if left to nature, will work its destruction, but which, if disturbed, must in the nature of things bind the disciples together in a common defense. It is but a matter of time at best, and instead of seeking to overthrow Brigham Young and his devoted followers by waging a war of extermination, as some have proposed, it would be far better to heed the advice of Gamaliel to the council, gathered to condemn the Apostles:—"Refrain from these men, and let them alone; for if this council or this work be of men, it will come to naught; but if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it."

We hear it said that the Indians are very noisy, that they are continually rising on the pioneers, robbing the trains, murdering emigrants, and defying the scanty troops sent out to the frontier to keep them in subjection. The tale, though true, is a somewhat unfair, and if the whole truth was known the poor Indians would often come in for a share of our sympathy, rather than receive the kicks and blows that are meted out to him.

Now and then a ray of light steals in to show us the real state of the case, and we learn to our surprise that the Indian has been driven out to desperation, and what appears to be heartless cruelty is but a just retribution on the murderers of his fellow and the kidnappers of his children. The *Alta California* expresses one of these cases, and says that the authorities are extremely frequent, so much so that the authorities have had to make some show of a disposition to put down the unwholy practice.

According to the *Alta*, it has long been the custom of certain lawless fellows to hunt the Indians, for the purpose of kidnapping their children (which are sold into bondage) and if the parents resist they are shot down in cold blood. The young Indians so captured are disposed of without difficulty and are most cruelly treated by their oppressors, who when their victims are no longer worth their living, turn them adrift and supply their wants as before.

It seems hardly possible that so bold and infamous a practice could be long continued without meeting with the reward that should follow such crimes, yet the thing has been winked at, the Indians are driven to desperation, and the poor and inefficient emigrant and his family is made to suffer for the wickedness of ruffians of the same color.

Yesterday, after all, has turned his steamship to good account, although she is not what he at first proposed she should be; but by changing his plans he has perfected an engine that is greatly superior to those in use by ocean steamers. The invention admits of the use of fresh, instead of salt water, and as there is no waste, excepting accidental leakage, her tanks once filled she might make the trip to and from Europe without a fresh supply; but should she by an accident require more, she has apparatus for distilling a thousand gallons of sea water into fresh water. There is also a saving of fuel in the use of the boiler, and on her trial trip she worked to the satisfaction of all. She will shortly leave for France.

We never know when the milk is a brief but amusing conversation between a servant girl and a milk boy, was overheard on the other day. The substance of it was this: Girl—You water the milk, Boy—No we don't. Girl—You do you. If you don't you take the cream off. Boy—Well, we may take the cream off, but we never use the milk!

The above reminds us of a story of one residing within a hundred miles of this city, who, when on his rounds one morning, delivering milk to his customers, was told that he need not leave that day, and returned rather sharply. "Why Mrs. Black, do you say?" "No, my milk is watered, do you?"

The press is making no small stir about BAKER, the murderer of FOLLE, brought home in the Grapes, and we have had several up to us respected ladies of the affair at St. James Hall, a description of the criminal's personal appearance, his history and pedigree and behavior in confinement. He has been captured after a long chase, is now in duress vile, awaiting his trial, let him alone, then, as unworthy of further notice; let justice take its course, and, if found guilty of the murder as described, hang him till dead, and with this prospect of the drop, drop the subject.

We are indebted to Messrs. Sisson, BATESMAN & CO. for a box of the earliest strawberries that we have seen this season; and we may also have remark that at the Newport Market they have every delicacy to be called for, and at as reasonable prices as the times will admit of. There was a time when every man went to market daily for his joint and trimmings—who can indulge in such things now? Yet we must eat or starve, and of the two extremes we prefer the first.

Many rabid dogs have already been killed in New York, and we see that complaints of others, still at large, have been made to the Mayor. We envy not the feelings of a man who knows that his dog has caused the death of some child that could not avoid its poisonous fangs.

The Boston Post says that the number of John-demi—one month in the street about these days is beyond computation. The spirits are visiting all habitations, and preparations are in active operation for copious family supplies of every brand.

For the Mercury.
Messrs. EDITORS:—After fifteen years of hard but successful toil—I believe "honest industry" is the term generally used—I concluded, after many cogitations with my better half—(by the way, in these days of LECTURE & CO., we ought to call our wives two-thirds, at least)—to retire; and the result of much reflection was the selection of the beautiful city of Newport. On landing there, we were much impressed by the capital arrangements made for the comfort and convenience of the steamboat passengers, and the great kindness of the coach drivers, all of whom left their horses and coaches, that they might attend to us.

Well, in a short time after our arrival, with the aid of a gentleman of few words and a horse and pig we were located—or, as he termed it, "very happily placed." When he first offered us "The Estate!" Mrs. PATERFORD and I, in our simplicity, supposed that he spoke of a handsome domain, which would of course comprise Orchard, Lawn, Woodland, &c., and we were charmed with the idea of such a purchase and at such a low figure, too!—and also there were "eight parties in treaty for it at the same time"—and on this beautiful island, which our friend described as "possessing a climate which was a mixture of that of the mountains of Brazil and the Island of Madeira." By the way, it blew a regular southwest wind for the next three days after our purchase, with considerable rain and some halibuts about the face of fox grapes.

Well, since we at last settled on our estate, which is less than three acres in size, and the house, from its appearance and condition, might have been built by Governor Commodore. We have doubts about it—if you have not you ought—a work called "The Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties." And the gardening of Mrs. PATERFORD and myself has been a pursuit of the same kind. We planted our corn about the last of May, and waited patiently—I will say patiently—until, to see the first appearance of the shoots, but none were visible—not a blade I saw. (I think that corn was the most reticent corn I ever knew—it would not push itself forward.) So after deliberation we concluded to open the ground and see what the corn was about.

Now, I insist upon being believed. On investigation we found that the sprouts, after getting up about two inches high, had turned their heads down and were partly going back again: they did not like the temperature outside.

Then, too, my asparagus—after a great outlay for roots from Narragansett, and some dug from New Jersey, and guano from Peru—only think of it—a female friend looking at it the other day had the hardihood to ask me to lend her a microscope, that she might find the plants. There are some about the size of knitting needles—it's true they are, and she laughed in my face when I told her that asparagus always should be planted wide apart, for the benefit of the circulation of air, &c., &c. However, we are not discouraged. The markets are so cheap, the city so well lighted, the people never abuse their neighbors, and all getting rich by the most laudable of all pursuits, minding their own business; and as long as we can get the *Newport Mercury* fresh from the press, these are blessings enough.

Yours truly,
PETER PATERFORD.

A correspondent of the *Cambridge Chronicle* puts in a plea for toads, and justifies his partiality by the following, which we extract from his communication.

"We have in our garden a small nursery of plum trees, which have been nearly destroyed by the canker worms. Last season we commenced shaking them off. One day we observed many toads about these trees, that on our approach became frightened and retreated in great haste to their retreats in the neighboring bushes. Soon finding that they were not pursued they commenced hopping back and forth, and with a noisy chirp, as if to say, 'I am descended on its tail. We counted at one time thirty immediately around our feet. Day after day we fed them with their favorite food, and they became so tame as to follow us, watch our hand, and take the worm from our fingers."

This is new to us, though it may not be to many of our readers; but whatever taste the toad may have for canker-worms, we are quite sure that it does a world of good in a garden, by destroying earth-worms, of which it eats large numbers. We once tried to subvert a toad with earth worms, but our patience was exhausted before its appetite was appeased, and we have always held that to destroy one of these disgusting looking reptiles was doing one's ground a deal of injury. There is no charge brought against the toad but his disagreeable appearance, and it might well quote the old saw to those who despise it without seeking to learn its real value—"looks are nothing, behavior is all."

Yesterday next is the day appointed for "Election Day" under the new dispensation, and the change in the time is certainly a favorable one, as earlier in the month the weather is cold, raw and disagreeable. By the way, we have had a good laugh at those who were so green as to make their annual "lection visit" to town this year, on the old day. They were badly sold, we hear, but they took it out in strolling around the streets till the time arrived to beat a retreat.

This will undoubtedly be the best "lection" we have had for many years. The Artillery are perfecting themselves in drill and will bring out a large company. Monday afternoon, on the arrival of the Perry, the Governor will be escorted to his quarters at the Bellevue House by the Artillery Company, a mark of respect which has not been shown of late years. The Providence City Guards, Capt. WINS, accompanied by the American Brass Band, will come down on Tuesday morning and participate in the exercises of the day. GILMORE's Brass Band has been engaged by the Newport Artillery.

On Thursday evening, Wm. F. SHERFIELD, Esq., delivered an interesting lecture before the Historical Society, at the State House, on "The Early History of Block Island," which was listened to by a large and highly respectable audience. The subject was new, we believe, to nearly all who were present, and although we have heard much of Block Island, we knew little of its local history till enlightened by the speaker, who has improved the facilities afforded him, on the Island and elsewhere, to gather much valuable information. The lecture extended from the time of the earliest discovery of the Island, down to the destruction of the ship *Palatine*, in 1719-20, and in a future address we are promised the remaining portion of the history.

At this meeting THOMAS R. HENRY, Esq., was invited to address the Society at its next regular meeting.

There is some satisfaction in reading a paragraph like the following, from a St. Louis paper of the 30th ult.

"If the receipts should continue as heavy as they are at present until the close of the season, the year with us will prove one of the most remarkable, in a commercial point of view, ever known. Wheat, corn, oats, rye, and flour are largely over last year's receipts for the same time, and the amounts coming forward appear to be increasing every day."

By referring to our advertising columns, it will be seen that How's extensive Menagerie and Circus will exhibit in this city on the 4th of next month. As there has been no show of this kind in Newport for the last three years there will probably be a "rush."

Trinity Church will not be opened for divine service to-morrow, owing to the painting now going on in the interior.

We learn that two companies of troops now stationed at Boston are to be removed to Fort Adams in this harbor.

The cholera has broken out among the Kansas emigrants, and many have already fallen victims to this fell destroyer.

Williams has a large number of specimens of Crystalloids which he invites the public to look at.

SHERIFF'S OFFICE.

Newport County, May 26, 1885.

The following order of procession will be observed on Tuesday next the 29th day of May, in the organization of the State Government for the year ensuing.

The procession will form in front of the Bellevue House at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, in the following order:—
Gilmore's Cornet Band,
Artillery Company, Col. Carr,
American Brass Band,
City Guards, Providence, Capt. Winn,
Four Deputy Sheriffs,
High Sheriff, Sheriff County,
His Excellency, the Governor and Lieut. Governor,
Secretary of State and Attorney General,
General Treasurer,
Deputy Sheriff,
Members of the Senate,
Deputy Sheriff,
Speakers of the House of Representatives,
Members of the House of Representatives,
(By Invitation.)
City Marshal of the City of Newport,
His Honor the Mayor, and Mayor Elect,
Members and Members Elect of the Board of Aldermen,
Members of the Court of Magistrates,
Citizens and Strangers.

The procession will move down East Touro St., down Pellam St., up the Parade to the State House, where the two branches of the General Assembly will repair to their respective Halls for organization.

Any interruption of the order of procession will be immediately dealt with, and the blowing of Tin Horns in and about the procession will be deemed a violation of the order thereof, and will be summarily noticed, and several special deputies will be sworn in for the occasion.

WM. DOUGLAS LAKE, Sheriff.

OUR BOOK TABLE.

Tales for the Marines, by Harry Gringo. Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston; J. C. Hammond, Jr., Newport. 1 vol., 12 mo., pp. 432. The author is already favorably known through a previous work, "Los Gringos," and the last work from him has all those qualities that make a sailor's yarn attractive. There is something always fascinating in sketches of the sea and sea life, and when the narrator has a brilliant fancy, is ready to turn every breeze to account, and has seen much service, we are ready to listen to his yarns, as he tells of his adventures with the marine, we are prepared to swallow the whole, with a hearty thank to the hero and his man Kit for the hour's gratification they have afforded us. Harry will have a successful run.

Woodworth's American Miscellany of Entertaining Knowledge. Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston; J. C. Hammond, Jr., Newport. 2 vols., 12 mo., pp. 288. These volumes contain the set, and the whole comprise a capital store for any young mind. The editor, Rev. E. C. Woodworth, has long been known as a successful writer for youth, and his "Theodore Tinker's" tales, "Uncle Frank's Home Stories," &c., have made him popular in many a youthful circle. The *Miscellany* is filled with choice articles, designed to attract the attention and to impart the most useful knowledge. Each volume is profusely illustrated with designs that in themselves possess much merit, enhancing in no small degree the attractions of the anecdotes, tales, puzzles, fables, &c., as every eye will be convinced on examining a copy.

The Rhode Island Schoolmaster, is the title of a periodical that we should have called attention to some time since, but it is never too late to do right. The Schoolmaster has already reached its third number, and we hope that its success will be in proportion to its worth. It is published monthly at the moderate rate of \$1 a year, and under the supervision of the Superintendent of Public Schools. The number for May has a full table of contents, and we are much mistaken if it does not become as much a favorite with the pupil as the teacher. A copy can at any time be seen at this office.

Court of Common Pleas.

This Court, Judge Sherman presiding, commenced in this city on Tuesday last. James A. Hathaway vs. Peter Cook, verdict for complainant, \$17.17.

Anthony Stewart vs. Mary Jones. This was an action for killing a horse by fast driving. Jury could not agree and the case continued.

State vs. William A. Sweet, not pro'd.

State vs. Caroline Courtland and Martha Allen. Indictment for stealing. Verdict—imprisonment in county jail for 6 months.

State vs. Caroline Courtland. Indictment for stealing. Sentenced to eight months in county jail.

State vs. Peter Cook. Indictment as co-seller of liquor. Not guilty.

State vs. Peter Cook as common seller. Continued to next term.

State vs. Thomas Jackson as common seller. Not pro'd.

State vs. Thomas Jackson for keeping a disorderly house. Verdict, \$30 for profit.

State vs. Jonathan T. Almy as common seller. This and several other cases of like character were dismissed.

Edward Buchanan vs. Peter Robinson. Action for debt. Verdict for plaintiff.

Simon Babcock vs. E. H. Goldard. Action for debt. Verdict for defendant.

James Higgins vs. J. S. Cotton. Action for whipping milk-maid. Still pending.

WHAT CAN'T THE LADIES DO?—At the extensive fire in the woods, in the western part of this village, we learn that some twenty-five of our young ladies did most efficient service. By their efforts they turned the direction of the fire and saved the burning over of many hundreds of acres! They are certainly deserving great praise, and the landholders should vote each of them a spot of land large enough for a house-spot, and a husband worthy their hand and heart. Honor to whom honor is due—especially when due to the ladies!

Barnstable Patriot.

ANOTHER WAGER ON SPEED.—The challenge made by the owners of the Chapin has been accepted—it being for \$1000 aside half forfeit, the distance being the same as that announced yesterday. Both boats are to be put in good running order, and it is expected that considerable speed will be crowded out of them. While this test speed will bring out the running qualities of either boat, it may lead to loss of life. The contestants should keep cool, one life is worth more than a dozen boats.

Albany Argus.

Michael L. Sullivan, an Illinois farmer, it is said, is about to plant 10,000 acres of land in corn. He was formerly one of the largest farmers in the State of Ohio for many years and according to a contemporary he could ride in a direct course fifteen miles through his own corn fields.

The steamer Gen. Law arrived at New York on Thursday, bringing the California mails of May 1st, \$1,324,925 on freight, and 817 passengers. The items of news are many and various, but nothing of importance has happened since the last dates from San Francisco.

THE DIFFERENCE.—By the last California advices flour was worth \$10 at Yreka—three dollars less than here. A little more than two years ago, flour was selling at the former place at \$100 to \$150 a barrel.—N. Y. Mirror.

The deposits in the Five Cents Savings Bank in Boston during the last 11 months have amounted to \$363,221; of which only \$90,000 has been withdrawn. The number of depositors is 7,549.

One hundred and ten thousand herrings were taken on the Virginia side of the Potomac, at one haul, on Thursday.

GOOD PUCK.—A Genuine John Bull.

The Lyons (France) papers are full of the following singular story:—
On the 19th instant a number of Englishmen, established in that city gave a splendid banquet to a countryman of theirs, Mr. Arthur Fleming, a rich merchant of London, then at Lyons, who has just completed a residence of eleven months in the prison of Frankfurt, Germany, in which he had been placed under the following circumstances:—About a twelvemonth ago Mr. Fleming stopped for two days at one of the principal hotels at Frankfurt-on-the-Maine, and on the third day, when about to leave, called for his bill, which to his astonishment, amounted to 2500. Indignant at this exorbitant demand, he tendered one-half of it, but the landlord persisted, and threatened to send his customer to prison, as the law of the place allowed him to do. The Englishman, however, was obstinate and suffered himself to be arrested and locked up. Although the laws of Frankfurt give this power to creditors, they at the same time impose on them the necessity of supporting their debtors while in prison, and of furnishing them with clothes and other articles suitable to their position in life. This the hotel keeper was compelled to do in Mr. Fleming's case, and so little care did the Englishman take of the articles supplied to him, that the former at last found himself minus a sum of nearly 20,000, and getting tired of the contest, he ordered the release of his captive. Mr. Fleming, satisfied with the triumph of British endurance over German extortion and spite, indignantly on his release gave a sum to the poor of Frankfurt, amounting to double that expended by the hotel keeper.

GETTING ON TOO FAST.—A pious old slave had a wicked master. This master had much confidence, however, in the slave's piety. He believed he was a Christian. Sometimes the master would be serious and thoughtful about religion.—One day he came to the old slave, with the New Testament in his hand, and asked if he would explain a passage to him.—The slave was willing to try, and asked what it was.

"It is here in Romans," said the master. "Have you done all it tells you to do in Matthew, Mark, Luke and John?" inquired the slave, seriously fixing his eye upon his master.

"No, I haven't," said he.

"Then you're getting on too fast, too fast, master. Go back to the beginning of the book, do all that it tells you to do in Romans, and you will understand it easy enough then, for the book says: 'If a man will do my will, he shall know of the doctrine.'"

If any of our readers ever hear anybody arguing about a hat case in Romans, or something else, and worrying to know what it means, just tell this story about "getting on too fast."

Juvenile Instructor.

REASON WHY.—A man called a few days since wishing to stop the Herald. "I take four other papers now," said he. "One of them is the Universe, which costs \$1.50 besides the postage. It is a good family paper, full of articles, and tells all about the murders, stealing, railroad smash-ups, and every thing else.—Long back, it has had some darning smart pieces about the Sabbath. It proves right out that the Sabbath is all superstition and kept up by priestcraft."

If anything will enfeeble the mind, rob the heart, undermine reverence for human and divine law, it is the cheap "story papers," that are found in half the houses in the country. If a son becomes disobedient, reckless, and immoral—if a daughter yields to the tempter, and is lost—look to the "cheap story paper," as one of the chief causes of their ruin.

Rutland Herald.

Our attention was attracted on Saturday morning by a hale, hearty looking man, who stepped up to the ticket office of the Western Railroad and purchased tickets for himself, his wife and eleven children. Verily, thought we, this man has remembered the Scripture injunction, "multiply and replenish the earth."

Albany Express.

When in Ohio two years ago at one of the railroad stations, we met an Irish woman who had with her "nine small children and one at the breast." Having no one apparently to assist her, we lifted several of them into the cars, remarking to the woman, that she had a fine lot of children.

"Aye, an' shure," says she, "they're a fine lot of children, but I'm able to care as many more, an' shure yer honor."

Procr. Tribune.

Reports from all the sections of the Southern country concur generally in representing the prospect to be good for an abundant crop of fruit this season. The buds have been backward in putting out and are thus insured against danger from frost. In many regions the peach trees which were reported dead in consequence of the severe frost of this winter, turn out only backward, and are now full of promise.

Smith and Brown running opposite ways round a corner struck each other.

"Oh dear," said Smith, "how you made my head ring."

"That's a sign it's hollow," said B.

"Didn't yours ring?" said Smith.

"No."

"That's a sign it's cracked."

The monthly returns of deserters from the army, navy and militia of Great Britain, show a large increase in the number of defaulters, the total being 646. Of these 280 are from the regular troops, and 276 from the militia. From the navy there were 74 deserters, 15 stragglers, and one person discharged with disgrace.

A CURIOUS BLUNDER.—In a work published in London, called "American Liberty and Government," by A. M. Ryle, it is stated that "America is the ally of Russia," and that in New York, the principal hotel is dedicated to the Russian Saint Nicholas!

When Louis Napoleon was in London he was served with wine 109 years old, of matchless quality. This wine was of peculiar interest, being part of a cask supplied at the enormous price of £600 per butt to his Majesty, Napoleon I.

The number of Clergymen in England and Wales amounted at the commencement of the year 1854 to 18,240; at the commencement of the year 1855 it is 18,750—showing an increase of 510.

THE COURT OF WAR.—The New York Courier says the British Government and people are beginning to feel by means of augmented taxes, that war is an expensive occupation, and the opening of the fire of the Allies suggest a calculation as to the cost of the iron balls which have been thrown into Sebastopol by the 500 cannons which have vomited them in what Gortschakoff called "an infernal rain." The accounts by the Asia represent that each of these guns fire one hundred rounds a day, which gives a total for the five hundred, of sixty thousand rounds. This fire had been continued for thirteen days, making an aggregate of seven hundred and eighty thousand missiles rained upon the city. The weight of the shot fired from the guns of the allies varies probably from nineteen to one hundred and forty pounds, and of the shells from fifteen to one hundred and ten pounds—and forty-five pounds would probably be a low estimate for an average. This would give a daily delivery of iron to the Russians amounting to two millions seven hundred thousand pounds, and total for the thirteen days of thirty-five millions one hundred thousand pounds, the prime cost of which in the rough, at the average price of pig iron in England for the last year, was not less than three hundred and thirteen thousand three hundred and eighty dollars. This is, of course, without any regard to the enormous cost of transportation to the Crimea. If the cannon balls fired from the Allied lines, during the thirteen days, were rolled into rail cars, weighing sixty pounds to the yard, the cars would extend three hundred and thirty-two miles. The shot fired for each gun would probably average about six pounds, which would show an expenditure for the thirteen days of four millions six hundred and eighty thousand pounds of powder. Such powder is worth here eighteen cents a pound, but in England, would not, probably, cost more than fifteen cents, at which price the powder cost seven hundred and two thousand dollars.

N. B. Mercury.

"Speaking of snuff," said Mrs. Partington smiling, as she stood admiring a small pot of the pungent powder, delicately scented, that Col. Rhoades had sent to her with a letter sweeter in its profusion of compliment than the gift it conveyed—she stooped down and closed her eyes, inhaling the delightful aroma that arose from the jar. "Speaking of snuff," said she, laying her hand tenderly on the brown cover of the jar as if it were a sensitive thing and she was fearful of hurting it, "such as this can never be dilatory to the health. The flavor is beautiful as the balm of a thousand flowers. Talk of the injurious tenderness of snuff, indeed! I say it has the effect to extenuate life, for there was old Mrs. Aims, who took snuff all her life, lived till she was nearly a century, and then at ninety-seven had her days shortened by leaving off taking it. I don't think there is anything harmonious in it, and many a poor creature with a tumbler in his hand has been cured by it. There's Mrs. Dorrer's."—She was here brought to a dead stop by an exclamation from Ike, who had been quietly trying the effect of snuff upon the cat, who was calmly sleeping by the stove, and had found it unsafe to administer, unless the feline claws were first secured.—Post.

There have been received at the Patent Office a quantity of the Cassaba melon seed, seven years old, procured from Persia by the United States Dragoon at Constantinople. These melons, it will be recollected, are of a very sweet and delicious flavor, very wholesome and nutritious, and are so simple in their character, that invalids may eat them with impunity. "Those who receive the seeds for cultivation should bear in mind that if planted in the vicinity of any of the ground bearing plants, they are liable to be hybridized or mixed, which will change the character of the seeds and destroy the purity of the variety; consequently, they should be planted in an isolated position when influenced in the manner indicated above.

GENUINE PHILANTHROPY.—It is stated in the Missouri Republican that Dr. McLean and lady, of Franklin County in that State, have made a proposition to the Missouri Colonization Society to send all their slaves to Liberia. The number is stated to be from fifteen to eighteen. They stipulate to pay all the expenses of the slaves to their place of destination, and provide for their comfortable support for a fixed period after their arrival. When it is considered that the slaves are worth about fifteen thousand dollars, and that the expenses of their removal, and the pensions afterwards will require no small amount in cash, there is afforded unmistakable evidence of a philanthropy which consists not in words but in deeds.

A CURIOUS ERROR.—Professor French, in his work on the English language, says the words "strain at a gnat and swallow a camel," contained in the 23rd chapter of Matthew, should be "strain out a gnat, &c." This, he says, is the correct version of the original, as appears in Tyndale's and Cranmer's translations, both of which have "strain out." It was the custom of the stricter Jews to strain their wine, vinegar, &c., through linen or gauze, lest unwares they should drink down some little, unclean insect, as a gnat, and thus transgress the Levitical law.

How little do lovely women know what awful beings they are, in the eyes of an inexperienced youth! Young men brought up in the fashionable circles of our cities will smile at this. Accustomed to mingle incessantly in female society, and to have the romance of the heart deadened by a thousand frivolous flirtations, women are nothing but women in their eyes; but to a susceptible youth like myself, brought up in the country, they are perfect divinities.

Washington Irving.

In Los Angeles, California, there are already 800,000 bearing vines; the number of acres under grape culture 1,500; the quantity of wine which can be made to the acre is 400 gallons; the amount of capital invested is \$1,800,000; and the number of persons engaged in the various branches of the business, between three and four thousand.

"My oldest boy, about eight, on his return from school, ran with earnestness to his mother and said—'Mother have I got any children?' 'Why not? why do you ask?' 'Cause I read in the Bible to-day, at school, about children's children!'"

AUSTRALIAN AND CALIFORNIA GOLD FIELDS.—It is estimated that at least £160,000,000 of gold has been washed from the alluvial deposits of these countries since the year 1840.

SLAVERY.—Africa, America, Spain and Holland hold from seven to eight millions of negro slaves, the United States being the owner of nearly one-half the total number.

CHILDREN HAVE LUNGS.—This fact is either not known to parents, or very little regarded. The first thing a baby wants is fresh air, and plenty of it. From the moment a child is born, it should have air and light, and neither be shut up in a close darkened room, nor have its head covered up in a blanket.

The other morning, making my first call on a lady after her confinement, I saw a heap of blankets lying in a rocking chair beside the bed, but there was no baby in sight. When I inquired for the newly arrived, the nurse came, and after taking off fold after fold, there at last was the poor little half-mothered baby, gasping for breath. Mother and nurse got a lecture that time.

Returning in an omnibus, a pretty woman got in, with her babe completely enveloped in its blanket. Perhaps it was none of my business; but I think it was. The babe had as good a right to breathe and to have the purest air to be had, as anybody; and as there was nobody else to take its part, I did.

"Madam," said I, "you are smothering that child."

She smiled and shook her head—she did not believe a word of it.

"You are making it breathe its own breath over and over again; and no air is fit to breathe but once. I am a physician and can't let you make your child sick."

She uncovered the baby's head; it took a long breath, and, if it had been old enough to talk, and been up in its manners, it undoubtedly would have said, "thank you, doctor."

LIMA BEANS.—A correspondent of the Worcester Transcript states the following facts respecting the cultivation of Lima beans:—

Many have been discouraged from trying to cultivate this rich and luxurious bean, on account of the difficulty of perfecting them in our climate. An experiment which I tried last year, is satisfactory evidence that they can be cultivated easily. I planted the hills—not so far apart as for poles—the first week in June, my garden being the height of a foot and a half, they were nipped off. The consequence was, that a large number of laterals sprouted out from the main stem. These were treated in like manner, so that they were kept down to run up or in any other direction. In this way, the fruit of all the shoots came forward much earlier, and were not retarded by the strong tendency of this plant to run to vines. It is believed that more beans were raised upon these vines, than would have been in a more favorable climate, they are almost to climb. Besides this, all the trouble and expense of poles is saved; and also the evils resulting from shading the ground.

WHY DON'T LAWYERS ADVERTISE?—We ask the members of the bar why their business cards are not found in our journals?

Apologies to the question—we saw a paragraph in a Virginia paper the other day to this effect: a gentleman went to a printing office to examine an exchange paper, coming from a place some fifty or one hundred miles distant, with the view to discover the names of some lawyers there to whom he wished to confide the transaction of some business matters

RECORD

BY N. A. PARKER.

WILL be sold at Auction on *Saturday next, May 24th, at 10 o'clock A. M., at 115 Thames Street.*

ONE Iron Gray Horse, 3 years old, perfectly sound and kind, the property of Andrew Sterne.

A280—One Express Wagon and Buggy.

May 19.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

SHERIFF'S OFFICE, Newport, Me.
Newport Co.,

Newport, May 12, 1855.


BY VIRTUE of an execution issued out of the Clerk's Office of the Court of Common Pleas for the county of Newport, *November term A. D. 1854*, and to be there directed and delivered, in favor of **John B. Palmer, Esq.** vs. **Richardson, and John A. Wilbur**, all of the city, county and State of New York, *Traders in Company* as **Palmer, Richardson & Co.** and against **David Melville and Henry S. Melville, Coopers** as **Melville & Co.**, both of the city, county and State of New York, I will sell at *Public Auction* on the premises to the highest bidder, on *Monday the 11th day of June A. D. 1855 at 10 o'clock A. M.*, all the right, title and interest that the said David Melville and Henry B. Melville had on the 27th day of January A. D. 1854 at six o'clock in the afternoon, (the time of the attachment on the original writ), in and to a certain lot of land situated in the city of Newport and bounded as follows: *Northerly* on land formerly of **Wm. Moore Jr.** de'd, 45 feet; *Southerly*, partly on land lately of **Wm. Moore Jr.** de'd, and mostly on *Market Square* 25 feet; *Westerly* on land of **J. V. Hammond** 43 feet—in all said measurement, more or less, and however bounded, with use of the gateway 3 feet wide.

Condition of sale—Cash.

WM. DOUGLAS LAKE, Sheriff.

May 12—ts

MEDICINES.



DR. HOLMES'
NEW ENGLAND
PECTORAL BALM

—OR—
COMPOUND COUGH SYRUP.

**FOR THE SPEEDY CURE OF COUGHS,
COLDS, HOARSENESSES, INFLUENZA,
BROCHITIS, CROUP, PNEUMONY,
PAIN IN THE SIDE OR CHEST,
ASTHMA, BLEEDING FROM
THE LUNGS, CONSUMPTION,
ETC.**

THE public are assured that the Pectoral Balm is a Remedy for the above named Diseases. It has been thoroughly tested in every variety of Throat and Lung Affections for the last 20 years, with entire success, and has received the approval of numerous members of the Medical Faculty. Chemists as a guarantee of the highest standing, and genuine nature of the first respectability.

For further particulars, see bills accompanying the Medicine, which can be obtained of all Druggists in bottles of two sizes. Price 60c. and 40c. per bottle.

Sold in Newport by HAZARD & CARWELL,
12 Washington Square, 1523 Thames street, Mt. Spring street. Also by R. J. TAYLOR, 111 Thames street.

All orders to be addressed to
J. BALCH & SON,
General Wholesale Agents,
Nos. 40, 42, 44 & 46 South Main street,
april 16, 1884.—ly Providence, R. I.

F. S. CLEAVERS Triple Scandal, Extra Soap
F. S. & M. & Family Broom, Windsor Soap
Honey shaving soap, Cleavers' Bear's Grass
Cleavers Clarified Marrow, Cleavers' Specimens
April 25, at
R. J. TAYLOR'S

Markets.

NOTICE.

THE CO-PARTNERSHIP heretofore existing under the firm of
OWMAN & ANTHONY,
is dissolved this day by mutual consent. All persons indebted to said firm are requested make immediate payment to John W. Owan, Jr. to whom all debts are transferred, and all persons having claims against said firm are requested to present the same to said John W. Owan, Jr. **JOHN W. OWAN, JR.**
GIDEON ANTHONY.
Newport, May 12, 1855.

The undersigned respectfully informs the citizens of Newport and vicinity that he will continue the market business at the old stand, corner Washington Square and Thames Street, where a good assortment of Meat, Vegetables, &c., may always be found.
May 12—14 **JOHN W. OWAN, JR.**

NEWPORT MARKET.

THE SUBSCRIBERS having taken the Market recently occupied by Andrew Sterns, at No. 147 Thames Street, (foot of Church street) now respectfully inform their former customers, their friends, and the public generally, that they are now prepared to furnish Fish, Pork, Mutton, Lamb, Hare, Radd, Bananas, Poultry, &c. Game, Fruit and Vegetables of all kinds, &c., everything usually found in a well conducted Market. A share of public patronage is respectfully solicited.
SIMPSON, BATEMAN & COGGESHALL.
Newport, Dec 30—14

Jewelry, &c. &c. &c.

NEW GOODS.

THE subscriber has just opened at the corner of
and well known store No. 94 Thames st.
A large and well assorted stock of silver ar-
cles, Rich Plated and Britannia Ware, Table
Pocket Cutlery, Scissors, Tea Trays, Feather
Dusters, Combs, Brushes, Gold, Silver, Fine
and Plated Spectacles.

—ALSO—

Gold Watch Chains and Keys, Rings, E-
rings, Breast Pins, Lockets, Gold Penicils, E-
rings, Gold and Silver Trimmings and various ar-
ticles.

For so long a time we have promptly attended to
the quality of the stock warranted standard, and
ever has been at my establishment, which is the
oblivion in the city.

FINE WATCH REPAIRING.

HENRY TISDALE, 138 Thames-st., begs leave
to announce to the citizens of Newport, that
the citizens generally, both having made arrange-
ments with the most competent workmen, and
introduced all the new and prominent improve-
ments in watch tools, he will be prepared
execute in the best possible manner all kinds
watch work, both of the ordinary and comple-
mentary kind, at prices well under the old rates,
from the delay generally attendant upon send-
ing elsewhere. The style and variety will en-
able all to be secured in cities, such as Jewelling,
setting, 8-titting Cylinders, Shafts, Vergees and
the more difficult portions of Watch Work gen-
erally. The whole will be under the direct
management of **MR. S. DEAN**, of Boston, Mass., whose
work will be to give satisfaction in price and quality
work as well as promptness of execution.

Chronometers cleaned, repaired and rated.
The mariners Compass Quadrants and Sextants
carefully repaired and adjusted. All work is
warranted to give entire satisfaction. Work for the
trade executed at the usual trade prices.

May 5 Opposite Merchant's Bank.

Notice.

M. R. S. DEAN, wishes respectfully to
announce to the citizens of Newport, that he
joined associated himself in business with
his son **W. DEAN**, of the same place, and
to receive orders for every description of Watch
Repairing; the finer portions of which will be
executed under his own supervision, and he
assured all who may wish for his services in
Watch department, strict fidelity in the execution
of all, without promptitude.

May 6

